

Captain Brabazon

BY E. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The crowd was hushed and impatient that their lion had left them thus; they would have liked him to talk to them a little, to roar for them a bit, to tell them all about himself, who he was, and where he came from. But he and the tall girl in the serge dress were already far away down the parade, and almost out of sight. For some time they walked along at a brisk pace, battling with the wind, at least Esme was. At length she came to a full stop under the lee of a boat, gasping for breath.

"Yes, I'm going too fast," said her companion, apologetically. "Hold on a bit, and fix up your hair," which was hanging down below her waist in one thick, shining plait. A few vigorous twists made it once more a compact mass at the nape of her neck, and, turning to her companion, who was engaged in tying up a bleeding hand with his handkerchief, she said, very humbly, "Miles, you forgive me for last night?" tears swelling up into her eyes as she spoke.

"For heaven's sake," nervously, "don't try, Esme; of course I will; it was all the fault of my own vile temper; I'm afraid that I am an awfully jealous fellow—worse luck; and I can't bear to see you speaking to or noticing anyone. That's the truth in plain English."

"No, no, no! It was all my doing," interrupted the young lady, not to be outdone. "I was provoking; I was in a rage; I would have told you, and I will tell you, although it is not my secret—"

"Then don't!" he exclaimed, emphatically, "never mind it now; if it is another person's secret, keep it. I know I can trust you, Esme," determined to show how magnanimous he could be, and to make amends for his foolish suspicions—for Esme's wild, distracted appearance had told him more than her lips had ever uttered, and he felt that he could afford to be generous.

"And what can I say to you for risking your life, just now?" she said, tremulously.

"Pooh! nothing; it was not half so bad as you thought; any other fellow would have done the same."

"And pray why did they not?"

"Those lubberly cuts of boatmen, afraid to wet their feet, choked them off. I would not insult a brave race of men by calling them sailors."

"But it was touch and go, Miles; an old naval officer said so. We never expected to see you back, and you went to please me. How am I to thank you? What can I say?"

"That's easily answered," he replied, moving a few inches nearer to her. "I'll tell you what you can say—say 'Yes.'"

This was a strange place in which to decide such a momentous question, under the lee of an old fishing smack, in the midst of a high gale which was blowing about the sand and spray, and almost drowning every sound but the thunder of the waves breaking on the shingle. Esme leaning her back against the boat, bareheaded, endeavoring to repair the elastic of her hat, which she held in her hand. As her cousin leaned over and suggested this one word, the color returned like a flood to her pale face, and rushed up to the very roots of the little curls, which were frolicking merrily about her forehead in the breeze. For fully two minutes she made no reply, but kept still mechanically twisting the elastic in her hand, not once raising her eyes, but her color and her quivering lips betokened that she was not absolutely indifferent.

"Well, Esme," he exclaimed, a little impatiently. "I suppose you know the old proverb, 'Silence gives consent.' What am I to think?" he asked, with impetuous insistence.

Esme made no verbal reply to this somewhat impetuous insistence, but after a moment's hesitation she put out her hand very shyly.

"Dearest," he said, seizing it eagerly, but almost ere he had touched it she snatched it hastily from his grasp, exclaiming, in a hurried whisper,

"Oh, here are the Clippertons!"

CHAPTER XI.

Barely a month of the six remained, and if Miles and Esme were to be married, there was no time to lose. There were settlements to be drawn up, the trousseau to be got in hand, and many weighty questions to be decided. Miles talked over these matters with Miss Jane, the evening after he had been accepted by his cousin and between them they persuaded Mrs. Brabazon to have a quiet wedding, and to let the two girls go and stay with Annie, and choose the trousseau with her assistance. Miss Jane herself was also to be squeezed into Mrs. Curzon's box of a house, but such an important person as Mrs. Brabazon would have to go to a neighboring private hotel. Indeed, Mrs. Brabazon loved not her step-niece, and took up her abode close to Chesham street, with a useful, fashionable friend, and was elaborately amiable to Miles and Esme, but disposed to be very arbitrary about the trousseau, and close-fisted with the necessary funds. London was empty, but to our young ladies from the country, even in September it looked remarkably full, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. Esme, of course, especially. She had the daily society of Miles, who loaded her with flowers and gifts, and anticipated her most capricious whims.

A splendid diamond ring adorned her third finger. A diamond butterfly and pair of solitary earrings followed. It was useless to endeavor to restrain him. He declared to Esme that this being his own money, and not their mutual property, he had every right to spend it as he pleased. He had all the pleasure of taking her to a theater for the first time, of introducing her to Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, and the parks, and he was a pattern of patience with regard to Bond street and Regent street, allowing her to flatter her pretty, straight nose against as many shop windows as she pleased, and to stare in at hats and costumes in a perfectly unbridled manner.

As she and Miles were walking in Piccadilly one afternoon they met Capt. Berkeley rushing out of a bootmaker's, evidently in a violent hurry.

"Hullo, Brabazon," he cried, "what on earth are you doing up in the village at this time of year? Why are you not out among the turnips? Miss Brabazon," raising his hat as he recognized Esme, "how do you do?"

"You are off next week to the Cape, are you not?" said Miles.

"Yes, by Jove, on Thursday; not much time to lose. I'm trying to get my kit together."

Miles glanced at his beautiful fiancée, and was amazed to see that she had become very pale, and that her lips were quivering tremulously.

"Your second battalion is going out, too. I see by this morning's paper. No chance of meeting you out there, eh? Well, good-by, I must be off; time is money. Good-by, Miss Brabazon."

Next morning the Brabazon ladies, young and old, departed from the metropolis with loads of luggage, and Miles was left to put in a whole week, intervening before his wedding day, as best he could. The fourth day of this time had passed, and he was beguiled into going down to Portsmouth to see an old friend off to the Cape. He met his chum at the Pier Hotel, where they lunched together, and then sallied forth to the dockyard.

The trooper was alongside, and a regiment of lancers in the act of embark. Horses, obstreperous and otherwise, were being put on board, and crowds were watching the proceedings with the gravest interest. Miles and his friend, after inspecting the latter gentleman's cabin, which was one of those known as a "horse-box," ascended to the upper regions, and began to pace the deck together and have a few last words.

"I rather envy you fellows going out," said Miles, nodding his head at the crowd of soldiers before decks; "and only for circumstances I would be going, too."

"You mean matrimony," said the other, smiling. "And when are you to be told off?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Married men are best at home; it plays the deuce with a fellow having to leave a wife or a sweetheart. I've always done my level best to keep out of such matters. Look round now on this pack of wretched women, crying their eyes out; come to say good-by, and take their last look at fellows they will never see again. You're a lucky chap not to have to leave your sweetheart like that poor fellow over there under the lee of the shed."

Look! it's a desperate bad case; the girl seems heartbroken. I don't believe she'll ever let him go!"

Miles glanced indifferently over in the direction indicated, and beheld a tall, handsome young sergeant of lancers, who was evidently making a brave struggle to keep his feelings well in hand, and a girl, with her back toward him, leaning on his arm in a perfect abandon of grief. The lancer appeared to be trying to soothe and comfort her.

"She looks like a lady," said Maj. Vere, speculatively; "and I would not wonder if she was a pretty girl in the bargain."

"It's rather a shame to watch them," returned Miles; "and hard lines that they have to say good-by to one another at all, poor girl!"

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," quoted the other, with a laugh. "There was a time, old chap, when you would have called them a pair of fools."

"Ah! I—"

Whatever else he was going to say remained frozen on his lips, for the girl had suddenly turned her face toward him; he could see it plainly now, and one glance at those familiar features was enough. It was the face of the girl who was to be his wife the day but one following, the face of his cousin, Esme Brabazon. Esme, pale and distracted, her eyes swollen with crying, but still Esme.

And he also recognized Miss Jane's own maid, Mrs. Eliza Flack, pacing up and down at a discreet distance. In one instantaneous scorching flash everything was revealed to his mind, everything accounted for now. The meeting at the gate, the photograph, Esme's unaccountable interest in this particular regiment; but all Miss Jane's solemn assertions were lies, she and her niece were partners in a league and covenant to deceive and delude him. In an instant this had passed like fire through his brain; he felt as if he were going to choke, and dizzy with rage and bewilderment, and for a moment the dockyard and sky seemed to reel before him, but he clutched the bulwarks with a vise-like grasp, and nerved himself to look once more; as he gazed with livid face and dilated eyes he comprehended that the hour of parting had come.

Esme flung her arms around the sergeant's neck and kissed him, and clung to him in a wild abandon of despair, and as if she would never release him, and he, Miles Brabazon, was looking on quite sane, quite in his right mind; it was no delusion, no dream. At last the lancer, who seemed a good deal moved, beckoned to Flack to approach and take charge of her young lady, and Esme made no resistance, but allowed herself to be led away toward a fly that was evidently waiting for them at a short distance. But then she turned and looked back—it was fatal—she was doing the same; in a second she had rushed to him and clasped him once more in an agonized embrace. At last, with an heroic effort, she motioned him to leave her, and with her face buried in her hands, was instantly seized upon by Flack, who taking her arm in a peremptory manner, and shaking her head very impressively, led her young lady away, seemingly bowed down to the very earth with grief. The whole scene had a horrible fascination for Miles; not a look, not a gesture had escaped him, and now that it was all over, now that his betrothed had passed weeping from his sight, he turned his whole attention to her late companion, who was coming up the gangway, pale, indeed, but not so pale

as the man above him, who was literally devouring him with a pair of glowing, dark eyes.

"Tell me," he said to Maj. Vere, as he pulled him by the sleeve, "who is that fellow of yours coming on board now—there, the tall sergeant?" pointing with unsteady finger, and speaking in a voice that sounded strange and far away even to himself.

"Oh, that," returned the other, briskly, "that chap is our young sprig of nobility, as some will have it; any way, he goes by the name of Lord Brown, or Gentleman Brown; looks frightfully down in the mouth, too. Did you see the girl? Hullo, Brabazon, what allis you, old chap?" suddenly looking around at his friend, and struck by his altered appearance, his drawn and ghastly face.

"It's nothing," said the other, impatiently; "it will go off directly; don't mind me. A—A gentleman, you said," harking back to Lord Brown; "a gentleman?"

"Yes, or, yes, and a very smart fellow. Safe to get his commission in a few months; the girl was evidently in his own rank of life; come down to say good-by under the rose. I saw her at the station, and was struck by her at once; awfully pretty, and looked quite frightened among all the soldiers. Never saw a troop train before, I'll swear. I've a notion I've seen her somewhere; I wish I could remember when, but I'm sure I've seen her," throwing back his head and half-closing his eyes. "But where? Oh," becoming struck, "I know," as it flashed into his mind that he had seen the young lady at Sandborough hall, where she had been pointed out as Brabazon's fiancée. "Brabazon, old fellow, what can I say to you?" surveying him with a horror-struck expression, "I see it all! No wonder you look queer."

"Say nothing about what you have seen," returned his companion; "keep your own counsel, that's all you can do for me," wringing his hand, "and don't keep me," in answer to the other's expressive face. "I must go," once more shaking hands, and then hurrying blindly, headlong, down the gangway."

Miles was perfectly indifferent as to what anyone thought of him, as he hailed a hansom, and told the driver to go like lightning to the railway station. He might catch Esme, and two words were better than twenty letters. Thank goodness his eyes had been opened in time—it was not too late—he was not married yet.

The express was about to start, the engine was emitting great clouds of white steam, the platform was crammed, as, pitching the driver a sovereign, he dashed into the station, and looked into one carriage, another, and another.

Ah! here she was at last! close to the door, with her back to the engine, her handkerchief to her eyes, actually crying still; Flack, in an opposite corner, holding herself ostentatiously aloof from her broken-hearted companion, and reveling in the contemplation of flaming and gorgeous advertisements, of ships and turnips and furniture.

"Miles!" gasped Esme, in a tone of dismay as her cousin flung the carriage door violently open and stood before her astonished gaze.

"Yes, Miles," he echoed, in a voice she was unacquainted with, bitter sarcasm struggling with some potent emotion. "An unexpected pleasure, is it not?"

"But what has happened?" she faltered tremulously, justly alarmed by the expression of his face, and awed by some vague, undefined dread. "What brings you here?" vainly striving to master her long drawn sobs.

"A mere trifle," in a voice that shook in spite of himself. "Nothing to speak of. I was only on board the troop train just now and had the honor of witnessing the affecting parting between you and your lancer friend. Everything is accounted for now, your flattering interest in the regiment included. I'm a lucky fellow to have found you out in time, am I not? Needless to tell you that, as far as I'm concerned, the money may go, and I've only one word to say to you, the word 'Good-by.'"

(To be continued.)

A Wife's Signal.

Nervous housewives whose husbands frequently bring home company to dinner without preliminary warning often worry in their secret hearts for fear there may not be food enough to supply the unexpected guests. A matron living in one of the prettiest suburban residences in West Philadelphia, whose husband persists in bringing home guests at the most inopportune times, has hit upon a happy expedient to meet possible emergencies.

In passing any dishes at the table of which there may be a limited supply the hostess makes a point to mention the enigmatical letters "F. H. B." in such a manner as not to attract the attention of the guests around the board. Immediately the members of the family are aware of the circumstances and discreetly partake very lightly, if at all, of the viands in question. The secret of the three letters was solved a few days ago, and the hostess afterward laughingly confessed her little scheme. "F. H. B." in this instance stands for "family hold back."—Boston Traveler.

The Girl with the Hammer.

The advantages of a substantial education for women are demonstrated with peculiar force by an item which we take from the Bangor News.

A barn in Aroostook went unshingled because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof, while one of his sons had gone to the war in the Philippines, and the other to the Klondike.

The other day, however, the farmer's only daughter came home from the normal school, and shingled the barn as well as any man in town could have done it, and she didn't once pound her fingers, either.

We All Think So.

A Philadelphia exchange gives the following opinion of a small girl. The words express what many older people must have felt.

In the waiting-room of a large railroad station sat a grave and dignified little girl of perhaps five years. Presently a man in railway uniform came in and bawled out a long list of perfectly unintelligible names. The little girl looked at him disapprovingly. Then she looked at her uncle and said:

"Isn't that an awful silly way for a great big man to talk?"



Rear Admiral Kempff, who is the supreme agent of Uncle Sam in China, with power to fight or not as he chooses, provided the best interests of Americans are safeguarded, is a native of Illinois. He was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1857, and since that time has passed through many varied experiences. He was with the steam frigate Wabash in 1861, assisting in the blockade of the southern Atlantic coast. The same year he fought at Port Royal, and the following year landed a howitzer from the Wabash and assisted in the capture of Fernandina and Jacksonville. For this he was commissioned a lieutenant. His lieutenant commandship came to him in 1866, after which time he passed to Pacific coast duty. For three years—1877 to 1880—he was in charge of the navy yard at Mare Island, after which he took command of the Adams for three years, and then returned to Mare Island. In December, 1898, Secretary of the Navy Long decided to make him the commander of the naval station of far-away Guam, but prior to his taking charge more important work was cut out for him in the Orient, and he now finds himself the commanding naval officer at Pekin, where the Boxer troubles have necessitated sharp action.

Dr. Oscar Chrisman, professor in the Kansas State Normal School, who was hissed at the Mothers' Congress in Des Moines for saying that men do not love as women love, is one of the most popular instructors at the school. He is an enthusiastic supporter of athletics and a faculty director of baseball. His wife is a modest little woman, who takes great pride in her husband.

Gen. Marquis de Gallifet, who has resigned his place as minister of war in the French cabinet on the plea of ill health, is one of the most distinguished French army officers. His seventy years of life have been full of military experience. He has seen as much fighting in wars between civilized nations as in wars with savage tribes, and he has won laurels in time of peace as an organizer and disciplinarian. Gen. Gallifet has been decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.



What are probably the most recent signatures of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Salisbury are now in possession of Emmanuel Ohlen. That gentleman has just received his exequatur signed by the Queen and the prime minister of Great Britain approving of Mr. Ohlen's appointment as consul for the republic of Peru at Montreal. The accompanying cuts are fac similes of the signatures.

Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt, who has announced his intention of coming to the United States for the purpose of collecting a harvest of American girls, is a dissolute young man of 26, who has no conception of Christian customs. He is the eldest son of the late Tewfik Pasha, and succeeded to the Egyptian throne in 1892 at the age of 18. Abbas was educated in Vienna, but his stay in that city did not seem to have changed his character, which is that of a crafty, heartless, selfish Oriental.

Joseph H. Chassaing, 64, well-known steamboat and hotel man, is dead in St. Louis.

Several Japan horsemen are in Kentucky inspecting the great breeding farms.

Charles Cranston, while hurrying to reach New York to celebrate his 20th birthday, fell under a freight train at Plainfield, N. J., and was ground to pieces.

The Department of Agriculture estimated the total area planted in cotton at 25,558,000 acres, an increase of 2,038,000, or 8.7 per cent over last year.

Pierre Lorillard's famous \$100,000 houseboat Calman was destroyed by fire while anchored in the river near New Smyrna, Fla.

Patronize those who advertise.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT PROGRAM

Features of the Rennon to Be Held at Chicago in August.

Chicago is preparing for the greatest Grand Army encampment ever held in the history of this veteran organization. It will be the thirty-fourth, and in all probability the last really great and notable one. The complete official program as adopted by the executive committee will be as follows:

SUNDAY, AUG. 26.
10:30 a. m.—Special patriotic services will be held in all city churches.
2 p. m.—Sacred concerts will be given in the parks by military bands.
8 p. m.—Grand patriotic and sacred song services, in the Coliseum.

MONDAY, AUG. 27.
Sunrise salute to the flag, thirteen guns.
9 a. m.—Dedication of the naval arch.
10:30 a. m.—Grand parade of the naval veterans of the civil war, escorted by veterans of the Spanish-American war and Naval Reserves, together with the National Association of Union ex-prisoners of war, escorted by a battalion of the National Guard and the Boys' Brigade, representing the soldiers of the past, present and future, all reviewed by Commander Geo. L. Seavey, commander-in-chief of the Naval Veterans' Association; National Commander James Atwell, of the National Association of ex-prisoners of war; Commander-in-Chief Albert D. Shaw, of the Grand Army of the Republic; Gov. John R. Tanner, Mayor Carter H. Harrison and distinguished guests.

11 a. m.—Parade of all government vessels on the lakes, tugs, yachts, etc., all profusely decorated. The course will be from Lake Front Park to Lincoln Park.

2 p. m.—The committee receives the President of the United States and his Cabinet and other distinguished guests.
3 p. m.—Naval battle off Lincoln Park.
4 p. m.—Dogwatch of the Naval Veterans' Association at Medinah Temple; camp-fire and reunion of the ex-prisoners of war at the Coliseum; first illumination of the arches and court of honor on Michigan avenue; the electric fountain will play in Lincoln Park.

8:30 p. m.—Fireworks off Lake Front Park.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28.
Sunrise salute, thirteen guns.
9 a. m.—The dedication of the army arch.
10 a. m.—Parade of the Grand Army of the Republic, reviewed by Commander-in-Chief Albert D. Shaw, the President of the United States, the Governor of Illinois, the Mayor of Chicago and other distinguished guests.

2 p. m.—Informal reception to the President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief Shaw and other distinguished guests at G. A. R. Memorial Hall.

8 p. m.—Twenty-five State reunions; halls to be announced.

8 p. m.—Reception of Woman's Relief Corps at Palmer House.

8 p. m.—Reception of Daughters of Veterans, drill hall, Masonic Temple.

8 p. m.—Reception of ladies of the G. A. R. at Palmer House.

8:30 p. m.—Fireworks off Lake Front Park; illumination of streets, arches and court of honor.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29.
Sunrise salute, thirteen guns.

9 a. m.—Veterans' bicycle race, five miles, starting at Washington boulevard and finishing at Garfield Park bicycle track.

10 a. m.—Meeting of the thirty-fourth national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Auditorium Hall, welcomed by Mayor Carter H. Harrison, response by Commander-in-Chief Shaw; welcome on behalf of the Department of Illinois by Commander Joel M. Longuecker, response by Adj. Gen. Thomas J. Stewart; convention of Woman's Relief Corps in Medinah Temple; meeting of Ladies of the G. A. R. in Auditorium of First Methodist Episcopal Church; meeting of Daughters of Veterans at hall 612 Masonic Temple; meeting of Lancers of ex-prisoners of war Association at hall 110, Masonic Temple; meeting of the Ladies of the Naval Reserves at hall 613, Masonic Temple; meeting of Naval Veterans at Hotel Hall; meeting of ex-prisoners of war Association, County Building.

8 p. m.—Camp fire of Army of the Potomac; camp fire of Army of the Tennessee; camp fire of Army of the Cumberland; camp fire of Army of the Mississippi and Gulf; camp fire of Army of the Frontier.

8:30 p. m.—Fireworks on Lake Front Park; illumination of streets, arches and court of honor.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30.
Sunrise salute, thirteen guns.

10 a. m.—Adjourned business meeting of the encampment; adjourned business meeting of auxiliary societies; reunions and interchange of visits among posts.

2 p. m.—Infantry, cavalry and artillery maneuvers and sham battle at Washington Park by the First and Second Regiments, Illinois National Guard, Illinois cavalry and United States artillery.

8:30 p. m.—Fireworks off Lake Front Park; illumination of streets, arches and court of honor.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31.
9 a. m.—Delegates' lake excursion; excursion on the lake and drainage canal.

8:30 p. m.—Fireworks off Lake Front Park; illumination of streets, arches and court of honor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.
Afternoon—Baseball, golf and other games in the various parks throughout the city.

4 p. m.—Concerts in Lincoln, South and Garfield parks.

8 p. m.—Fireworks off Lake Front Park; illumination of streets, arches and court of honor.

11 p. m.—Taps.

LED TIEN-TSIN ATTACK.

American Officer, Major Waller, Commanded the Allied Forces.

A dispatch from Taku, sent by way of Chefoo, says that the force which relieved Tien-Tsin consisted of 2,000 men commanded by Maj. Waller of the American marines.

The Chinese guns were silenced by the artillery of the relieving force, who then advanced upon the town. The British and Americans were the first to enter, and they were followed by the rest of the force.

The Russians lost four killed and thirty wounded. The other nationalities suffered trifling loss. The naval commanders have appointed Commander Wise of the American gunboat Monacy commandant at Tong-Ku. He will superintend the dispatching of supply trains to the front.

Maj. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee has been ordered to take command of the United States land forces in China and is now on his way. This means, a correspondent asserts, that the Government will not parley with the Chinese viceroys or wait on the action of the powers, but will at the earliest possible moment place a strong military force in the Chinese capital for the protection of American citizens and officials. Gen. Chaffee's immediate command will consist of the Ninth, Fourth and Twentieth infantry, to be sent from Manila, and the Sixth cavalry, which has left San Francisco. Gen. Chaffee should be on the scene of action by Aug. 1.

A fresh phase of the ebullition in China is the probability of immediate outbreaks in the great southern provincial centers. The populace there is daily assuming a more hostile attitude toward foreigners, and the latter perceive symptoms of a general rising, especially at Nanking, where, according to a dispatch, Kang Wu, one of the most truculent enemies of foreigners, has arrived by way of the Grand canal armed with full powers from the emperor to deal with the southern provinces.

Pierre Lorillard's famous \$100,000 houseboat Calman was destroyed by fire while anchored in the river near New Smyrna, Fla.

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Charles II. Corrigan of Syracuse, N. Y., has been nominated for Governor by the Socialist Labor party.

Body of Stephen Crane, American novelist, who died in Germany, buried at Newark, N. J.

New York club men are establishing summer quarters on the tops of some of the high buildings of the city.

The Methodist general conference at Chicago adopted a protest to Congress against the tax on charitable bequests.

From the beginning of the war to the end of April 42,000 horses had been sent to South Africa for the English army.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

National Quadrennial Meeting of the Party Held in Chicago.

In national convention assembled at Chicago Wednesday the Prohibitionists of the United States perfected permanent organization, selected new national and executive committees, adopted a "single-issue" platform and passed two resolutions—one to the effect that "the ballot should not be denied to any citizen on account of sex," the other indorsing the Young People's Prohibition League.

Seven hundred delegates out of a possible 1,034 attended the first day's session, and others came in during the night on late trains to be present at the nominating contest Thursday. Fully one-third of those who participated in the convention work were women.

In the platform as adopted but one issue is dealt with—the suppression of the "legalized liquor traffic." The McKinley administration came in for a vigorous arraignment. In the committee on resolutions there were several members who favored the adoption of a woman's suffrage plank, and they made an earnest fight for their principle. A compromise was effected in the shape of a rider resolution. The vote in favor of the platform and the equal suffrage resolution was practically unanimous. E. W. Chaffin, Waukesha, Wis., was chairman of the resolutions committee, and A. A. Hopkins, Hornellsville, N. Y., who read the platform, was secretary. The convention adjourned at 10 o'clock Wednesday night to meet at 10 o'clock Thursday morning. The galleries were well filled at all the sessions in spite of the intense heat.

Chairman Dickie called the conferees to order at 10:15 a. m. Thursday. The report of committee on credentials, which was read and accepted, showed 730 delegates present and thirty-seven States represented. Chairman Oliver W. Stewart, at the call for miscellaneous business, took the platform to speak in behalf of the executive committee and outline the plan of campaign.

When nominations for President were declared open Arkansas yielded to Illinois. Chairman Sheen, of Illinois, declared the State had two candidates. O. W. Stewart took the platform to nominate John G. Woolley, of Chicago. Geo. W. Gere, of Champaign, Ill., presented the name of Hale Johnson, of Newton, Ill. Homer Castle, of Pittsburg, named Rev. S. C. Swallow. A motion to adjourn was lost and the convention proceeded to ballot.

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